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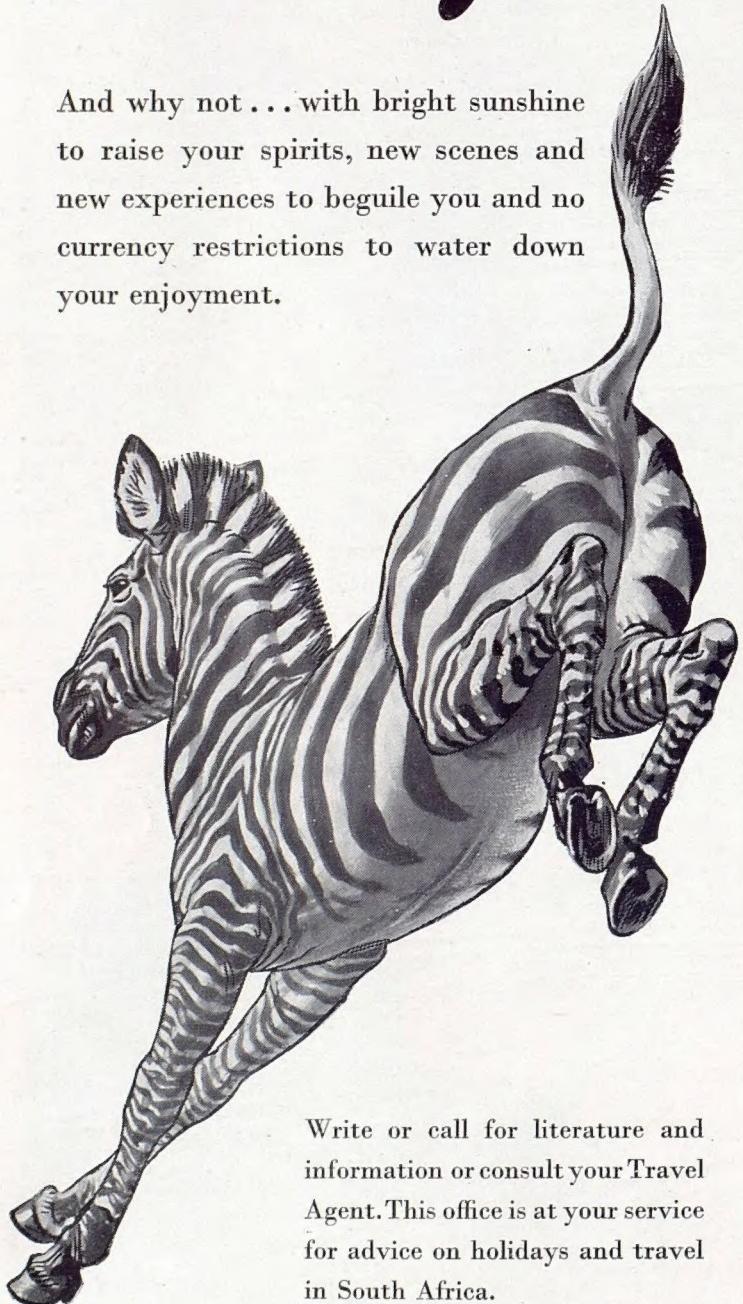
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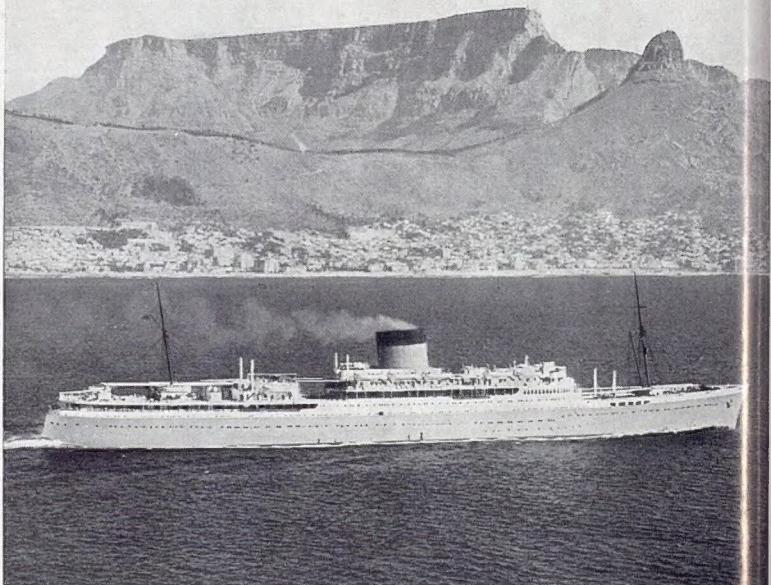
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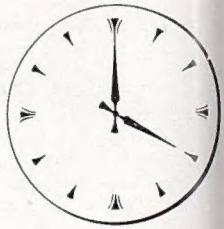
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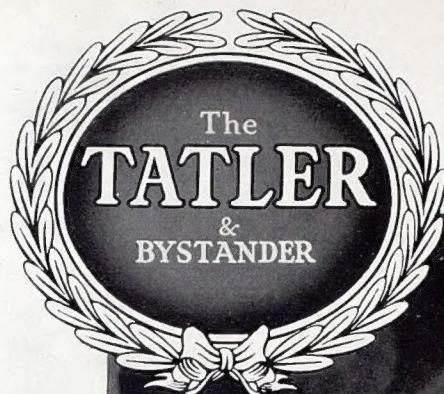
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JAN. 13
1954



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Yevonde

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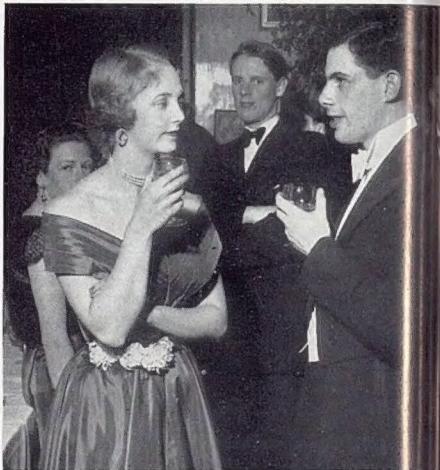
THIS charming picture is of Jennefer, eight years old, and Clarissa, six, daughters of Major and Mrs. Michael Maude, of Terrick, near Aylesbury. Their father, who is in the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, is at present working at the War Office. Mrs. Maude is the daughter of the late Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P. for Tavistock, and of Mrs. Derek Savile



Grouped upon the staircase of this fine old mansion taking refreshments after a long spell of dancing were Miss Sharle Dodgson, Mr. Alec Jameson, Miss Patricia Daniel and Mr. Patrick Daniel



Mrs. J. K. Mardon was enjoying a dance with her eldest son, Mr. Julian Mardon



Among the young guests who patronized the well-stocked champagne bar were Miss Caroline Fort and Mr. Simon Reynolds



One of the joint hostesses, Lady Slade, was here being partnered by Col. A. Hunt in a quickstep



The other two hostesses, Mrs. Michael Slade and Mrs. N. A. Lindley, were chatting with Mr. N. A. Lindley



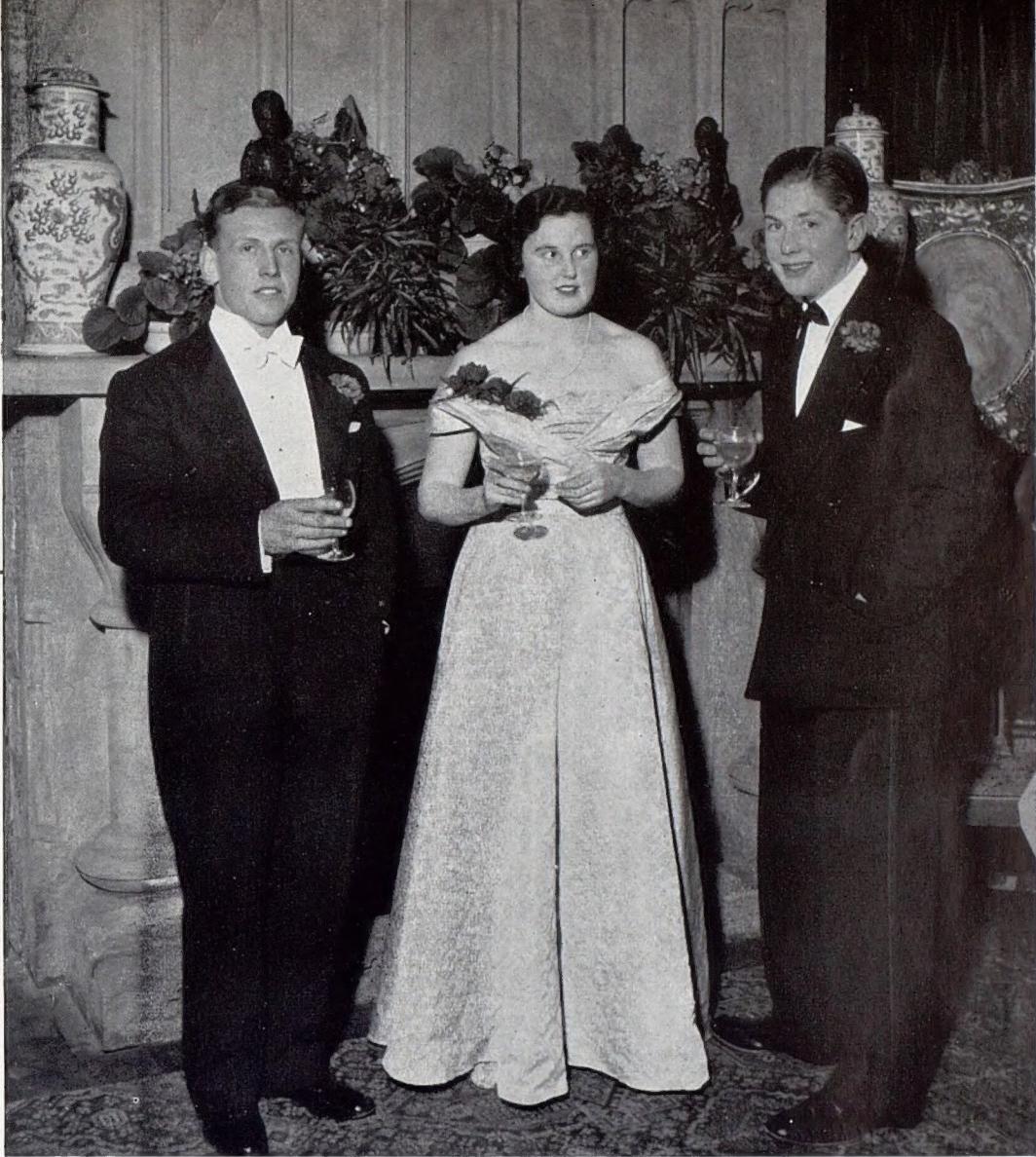
Enjoying a plate of oysters in the buffet bar were Major and Mrs. Walter Luttrell

"TRIPLE EVENT" BALL IN WEST COUNTRY

MAUNSELL GRANGE, near Taunton, was the scene of a very happy and colourful evening when Lady Slade, Mrs. Lindley and Mrs. Slade gave a ball for their niece and sons respectively. The two hundred guests danced until 3 a.m., when farewells were reluctantly said



Miss Ann Francis and Mr. Sandy Henderson were taking a turn round the ballroom in a foxtrot



Van Hallan

The young people for whom the ball was given: Mr. John Lindley, whose twenty-first birthday celebration it was, Miss Susan Meates, Sir Alfred and Lady Slade's niece, and their nephew, Mr. Robert Slade. Maunsell Grange is the ancestral home of the Slade family

Social Journal

Jennifer

An Evening For Orchids At The Embassy

A VERY good party I went to recently was the dinner-dance given by Miss Evie Prebensen, the charming daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador and Madame Prebensen. This took place at the fine Norwegian Embassy in Palace Green. Most of the guests were contemporaries of the young hostess and her elder brother Nicky, who has just finished his National Service in Norway and is now settling down to work with a shipping line in this country. There were also a few older guests who I am sure all enjoyed the evening as much as the younger ones.

Miss Prebensen had taken infinite trouble over all the arrangements for this party. When guests arrived they were given an *apéritif* and introduced all round, and when dinner was announced, every woman and young girl was graciously offered the arm of her escort to take her into the dining-room, a charming custom which is too seldom seen in this country today. Guests found their names on amusing little menus at the small-tables arranged all over the big dining-room. These were lit by thin white candles rising from bowls of beautiful

yellow and white flowers, and by original night-lights made in the form of white gardenias and water lilies, which gave a most becoming and soft light. The delicious dinner included several Norwegian dishes.

Evie, who looked delightful in a dress with a petunia velvet top and a full white skirt, sat with Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia one side of her and the Swedish Ambassador on the other. Mme. Prebensen, who wore an attractive dress of fine brown lace and chiffon, had the Earl of Ronaldshay and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks with her.

THE Norwegian Ambassador sat at the top of a bigger table than the others and among those with him were Mme. Hägglof, the beautiful wife of the Swedish Ambassador, and the Countess of Ronaldshay, very pretty in a ballet-length dress of finest beige lace.

Mr. Nicky Prebensen was presiding at another table and had Miss Maria Luisa Romero, one of the charming daughters of the Philippine Ambassador, whose sister Teresita, was also at the party, sitting on his right, and Lady Elizabeth Lumley on his left—Lady Elizabeth is busy getting her trousseau for her wedding next

month. I had a most enjoyable dinner sitting next to two interesting Norwegians, M. F. H. Jacobsen, Counsellor at the Embassy, who is now holding his third appointment in London, and M. Atlung, who has lived in this country for several years and is an expert on the nylon and plastics industry.

D INNER over, the guests, who numbered about seventy, danced to a radiogram in the hall and adjoining room. The Ambassador's younger son, Christopher, who is now at Westminster School and hopes later to follow his father into the Foreign Service, was at the party, and was most helpful in looking after the company.

Among those I saw enjoying this very happy evening were Earl Granville, Senhorinha Veronica and Senhorinha Betty Leao Gracie, the Brazilian Ambassador's daughters, Mr. Paul Crosfield, Mrs. Jacobsen in black velvet, Mr. Robert Craigie, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, M. Astrom, Counsellor at the Swedish Embassy, M. and Mme. de Chauvels, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth and Mr. Patrick Forbes, who wrote the history of the 6th Guards Tank Brigade.

(Continued overleaf)



Major Henry Marsh and Miss Jill Allen watched their friends on the dance floor while taking a short rest. Behind is Miss Susan Van Gelder

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Father Time Was Welcome Guest

LADY PULBROOK, wearing a black velvet dress with a diamond necklace and ear-rings, received the guests before they went in to the ballroom of the Savoy on New Year's Eve for the Limelight Ball, of which she was the chairman. This event, which proved such a great success that it is now hoped to hold it annually, was organized in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. This society does wonderful work, particularly among the young, specializing in the education of blind children from five to sixteen years of age, after which they are given a professional and industrial training until they are twenty-one. The schools are near Tring and Aylesbury, where visitors interested in helping the blind in a practical way are always welcome, as well as at their workshops at Brondesbury.

Lady Pulbrook very sensibly limited the numbers for the ball to four hundred, which meant that everyone could dine and dance comfortably. At some of the recent charity dances in this room, there have been five hundred or more guests and it has been extremely overcrowded.

Ben Lyon compèred an excellent cabaret which included Doris Hare, Christopher Hewett, Hélène Cordet and Jack and Daphne Barker.

At midnight, hundreds of coloured balloons were

released from the ceiling, and Father Time wheeled in on a sleigh a large coloured box, from which stepped Lady Pulbrook's five-year-old niece, Jennifer Waites, to wish everyone a Happy New Year. Then all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

BESIDES Lady Pulbrook, who had a big party at her table, others joining in these happy New Year celebrations were Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and her daughter, Lady Jennifer Bernard, with a party of young friends, and Lord and Lady Ogilvy, the latter in red—she had been chairman of the Junior Committee and running the very successful tombola. I also saw Sir Patrick Hennessy, who had brought a large party, Mr. Robert and Lady Ursula d'Abo, Lady Caroline Somerset, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, Mr. Duncan Sandys who joined Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon's party, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rylands with the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, who were off to America a few days later, and Mr. Bobby and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, who brought a big party.

Among younger guests who, after seeing the New Year in with great *joie de vivre* joined in a conga round the floor and adjoining rooms, were Mr. Ian Cameron, Miss Philippa King, Mr. Michael Scott, who was off to join his regiment in Germany two



Mr. R. Rowe, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Bryans and Mr. J. R. Bryans stopped to have a word together during the early part of this pleasant evening

NEW FOREST SPINSTERS gave a ball, held at Brockenhurst, at which 450 guests were present. A most entertaining programme was arranged, with reels and a truly Sibylline witch who told the fortunes of all who wished to hear them

days later, Miss Angela Dance, who had been busy selling lucky programmes, and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, who has just finished his National Service with the Navy and is hoping to play cricket for Hampshire this season if he can get leave from his new job.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful reception and New Year celebration given by the Haitian Ambassador and Mme. Love O. Leger, at their residence in Hans Place. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were there, and one of the first I met was the Iraqi Ambassador and his charming and talented wife, Her Highness Princess Zeid al-Hussein, who had just returned from Paris where she has been staying for some weeks organizing an exhibition of her paintings.

The tall, good-looking Italian Ambassador, who came on his own, was talking to the new Dominican Ambassador, who told me how much he was enjoying being in this country. The Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Major-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, was wishing a Happy New Year to friends all round, including the Lebanese Ambassador, the Chilean Ambassador, who had to leave early, and Don Higinio Gonzalez, Counsellor at the Chilean Embassy.

I had a talk with M. Lebel of the French Embassy, who was giving good news of Mme. Lebel and their infant daughter, who was born just before Christmas, and I also spoke to the Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Mr. Marcus Cheke, who was on his own as his wife had stayed on over the New Year with her brother, Lord Roborough, with whom they had spent Christmas in Devon. Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez told me they were back in their old home for a while, as they had rented this house to the Haitian Embassy when they moved into their new and spacious flat in Cadogan Square last autumn.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the first parties for young people that I went to in the New Year was the "Egg-nog and Sherry" party given by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Snyder at their charming home in Phillimore Place. This was for their only daughter, Miss Beverley Snyder, a very pretty girl who was to have



Miss Elizabeth Marshall, Miss Jane Sears, Miss Jennifer Rendall, Miss Janet Everett, Miss Diana Paris, Miss Mary Howard, Miss Margaret Bennett, Miss Priscilla Hunt and Miss Anne Thyne

made her début in 1953. This had to be postponed for a year, almost on the eve of her presentation, when she had a serious accident, being badly burned as the result of her nightgown catching fire in front of an electric stove. Happily, her face and arms were not injured and now, thanks to the brilliant work of a plastic surgeon, splendid nursing and weeks of suffering patiently borne in hospital, Beverley has made a complete recovery. She is being presented by her mother at one of the March parties at Buckingham Palace, and is greatly looking forward to her first season, during which her mother will be entertaining for her. At her party she wore a dark green shot silk dress with very big sleeves.

Among her young friends present were many who came out last year, including Miss Sonia Clark, Miss Lucinda Leveson-Gower and Miss Verena Sassoon. Also Miss Diana Hartley and her brother Christopher, Mr. Nigel and Mr. Anthony Seligman, Mr. Graham Turner-Laing and Miss Jennifer Clark, whose younger sister, Diana, is coming out this year. Her mother, Lady (Andrew) Clark, is giving a big cocktail party for Diana after she returns at the end of March from her finishing school, and a dance later in the season.

★ ★ ★

INVITATIONS are often sent out for private "Bottle Parties" in this country, but not very frequently for a private "Invitation Subscription Dance." One of the last named, with a strong American flavour, and run very much on the lines of the famous Washington and Boston Dance Classes, was recently given in Wilton Crescent. Mrs. John Watts kindly lent her house and was joint hostess with Mrs. Guy Du Boulay and Mrs. Reginald Williams, and the venture was such a success that it is hoped to have two more this winter and possibly another in the summer.

For these dances the number has to be limited to less than a hundred, and every guest must be known personally to one or more of the hostesses.

Mrs. Watts, who is a very accomplished artist, had designed all the décor herself, even to the red baize curtains hung with glistening Christmas tree balls which were put over the usual gold brocade ones to give a seasonal touch in the first-floor drawing-room where dancing took place. Holly and silver Christmas decorations were used in other parts of the house, and guests found on arrival that all the lighting was by candles. There was an excellent three-piece band, whose leader had played the piano up at Cambridge and was a member of Fred Elizalde's famous Cambridge Quinquaginta Ramblers when several of the guests at this party were up at the University some years ago. A delicious supper had been prepared by Mrs. Reginald Williams, who was renowned for her cooking when she was in Washington during the war.

Mrs. Du Boulay had not been able to do as

much about the preparations for this party as the other two hostesses, as she had only arrived back that morning from a tour in the U.S.A.

The American guests at the party included Mr. John Ames, personal assistant to the U.S. Ambassador, and Mrs. Ames, Mr. James Penfold, Counsellor at the U.S. Embassy and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks McCormick—he is a nephew of Col. McCormick—Admiral and Mrs. Jerrauld Wright and Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Pirie. Vice-Admiral Pirie is, I believe, the only man in the U.S.N. permitted to wear a beard.

During the short time I was at the party I met among others Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentick and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Max-Muller, Mrs. Anthony Crossley, Col. and Mrs. Archibald Campbell, and Marchese Faracci of the Italian Embassy, who has been in this country for several years. He recently announced his engagement to an Italian girl, and told me he will be returning to live in his own country after he is married in May or June. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were at the party for a short while and were conversing with Mrs. Wilson-Young who was up from Suffolk for the evening. Also present were Viscount Duncannon and his American-born wife, Lord and Lady Essenden, who have now come back to live in



MISS MOIRA SHEARER was talking to her husband, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, at the reception given by Lady Pulbrook before the Limelight Ball at the Savoy



Mr. J. Kirkham, Miss E. Sturt, Miss A. Kirkham, Mr. R. Parry, Miss A. M. Adams and Mr. R. H. Howe were members of another large party

Victor Yorke

this country, Lord John Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Grenfell, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Winn and his brother, the Hon. Reginald Winn with his wife, and Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, High Commissioner in Western Germany, and Lady Hoyer Millar, who were enjoying meeting again many of the friends they had known in Washington.

★ ★ ★

As I anticipated in a recent issue, this season's Warwickshire Hunt Ball was the best that has ever been held and took place in a perfect setting, for Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lamb had very kindly lent their lovely house Compton Verney for the occasion and as guests arrived they found the lake and house floodlit. In the portico were huge twinkling Christmas trees, and men of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, in full-dress uniform, stood in the floodlit doorway to take the guests' tickets. The car parking arrangements were excellent, as there were a dozen or more trained chauffeurs ready to give you a ticket, take your car to its parking place, and at the end of the evening fetch it for you. Inside the house scarlet poinsettias and other red flowers, together with berried garlands of holly, decorated the rooms.

The ball committee, headed by that very energetic personality Miss Beryl Buckmaster, who is one of the joint-Masters, Mrs. Brittain-Jones, Mrs. Bob Brackenbury, Mrs. Scott-Coburn, Viscountess Bearsted and Miss Susan Dance had worked tremendously hard to make the evening a great success. Compton Verney is now empty, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb living in a smaller house a few miles away, so not only had all the curtains to be taken out of store and hung for the evening, but also all the chandeliers. Although there were over seven hundred guests it was never really too crowded. Fortunately, all the ground floor reception rooms are linked up, and lead off the giant hall where dancing took place.

A big supper room had been built out in a green and white lined marquee that was splendidly heated, so that everyone enjoyed the excellent supper in comfort, and not shivering as happens so frequently at functions held in the winter.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, chairman of the hunt committee, and Lady Willoughby de Broke who looked very beautiful in an embroidered tulle dress in a shade of peach tan, brought a party to the dance. For Lord Willoughby de Broke and his aunt the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury, who was also at the ball, the evening must have brought back many memories as Compton Verney was in the Willoughby de Broke family for many generations until it was sold to the late Lord Manton in the early twenties.

Viscount Bearsted, one of the joint-Masters, brought a party from Upton House with Viscountess

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. F. C. Hooper the industrialist, writer and broadcaster, Mrs. J. J. Park, Mrs. F. C. Hooper and Mr. J. Compton were in conversation together

TOAST WAS TO FLAT AND TO HOGMANAY

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hooper gave a "housewarming" at their new flat in Connaught Place, W.2, they combined it with a New Year's Eve party. Some sixty guests were present to drink the champagne toasts



Mrs. Raymonde Horner listened with great interest to an incident recounted by Mr. Robin Lucas



Mr. Bernard Wallis was here enjoying a quiet chat and a drink in company with Mrs. W. R. Darwin



Dr. Doyne Bell, Sir Ernest Pooley and Miss Karen Bliss, daughter of Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, were others at this very gay party

Social Journal (Contd.)

Warwickshire Were Hosts

Bearsted, who wore an enormous emerald and diamond brooch on her cream brocade dress. They gave a very good party at Upton the following evening. Miss Beryl Buckmaster and Sir Francis Weatherby, the two other joint-Masters, also brought parties. With the former were Mr. Ronnie Wallace, Master of the Heythrop Hounds, and the best amateur huntsman in the country today, who has shown splendid sport with his pack this season, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ellis, who had come up from Kent, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, who had motored up from Surrey, Mr. Frank Farley and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Norman who had come over from the Heythrop country. Mrs. Samuel wearing a pale pink and green printed taffeta full skirt dress with a pink top, were two of the best-dressed women at the ball.

Two others I noticed who were also outstandingly well-dressed were the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel in a blue chiffon dress, and Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland in a white tulle crinoline.

OTHERS who brought parties included the Duchess of Rutland, in black velvet, whom I saw dancing with Mr. Rip Bissil, who had come over from Nottinghamshire with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Brittain-Jones, Lady Watson, Mr. John Watney who is taking on the North Warwickshire Hounds, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Bromet, and Major and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, who had Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington and Col. Remington-Hobbs with them. I also saw Major and Mrs. Bill Bovill, the latter looking nice in blue, the Hon. Mrs. Derek Cardiff wearing a fine diamond necklace with her white satin evening dress, with her husband, and Sir Robert and Lady Isobel Throckmorton. Instead of the more usual pink coat, Sir Rebert was wearing a dinner jacket and soft shirt. I was told this might have been due to the fact that he had broken several ribs in a fall from his horse at a meet a short time before the ball.

It was certainly a colourful scene, as there were very many pink coats, while the women also were in coloured rather than black dresses. Among those I noticed dancing at this very good party, which went on until after 4 a.m., were Major John and Lady Cecilia Wiggin, Mr. Billy Wallace, who was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, Lt.-Col. Edward Studd who had come over from his home near Stow-on-the-Wold, Mrs. Rosemary Price, Mrs. Philippa Bridges, Miss Joanna Smith Bingham, very pretty in a red organza dress—she is hunting this season with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds—also Major and Mrs. Peter Starkey, Lord John Manners, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbey.

EXT morning many of those I have already mentioned and other followers, over two hundred in all, were at the "after the ball meet" held at Miss Buckmaster's home in Moreton Morrell, where glasses of port and mince pies were enjoyed by many of those present. Mrs. Walter Buckmaster was at the meet greeting many friends, as also was her elder daughter, Eulalie. Lord Willoughby, riding a nice looking chestnut, was there in good time with a cheery word for everyone. Beside him, mounted on her pony, was his little daughter the Hon. Susan Verney. Col. and Mrs. Jack Starkey were also out. They were among those who had not been dancing until 4 a.m., a company which also included Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gaskell (both mounted), Miss Brenda Gaskell and Mrs. "Weary" Liddel, who were on foot, Mrs. Hyndson looking very neat riding sidesaddle, Master Roger Wyatt, Miss Eda Brooks, and Miss Clara Verney following on a bicycle. Hounds moved off to draw Lighthorne Rough, and ended up at Itchin Holt after a day of several short runs, scent having been very poor.



Peter Fellowes, son of the hostess, and Vivien Vibert were engrossed in the presents they had received from the Christmas tree



Studying the pictures on the wall as she went to collect her coat was Susan Casimir



A magnificent tractor was the gift to Peter Huelin who took it on a journey round the lounge floor



The balloons and streamers were a great attraction for the young guests, one of whom was the Hon. Marcus Beresford, aged five, son of Lord and Lady Decies, who live at La Heche, Hignet St. Martin, Jersey

CHILDREN'S PARTY IN CHANNEL ISLES

THE Hon. David and Mrs. Fellowes, who have recently moved from London to La Glinette, St. Aubin, Jersey, C.I., gave a delightful party for their five-year-old son, Peter, features of which were a Punch and Judy show, puppets, and a large tea



In a corner of the room covered with "snow" the Hon. Sarah Beresford was helped by her mother, Lady Decies, as she inspected her toy

Barry Swaebe



The Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Leventon, who was on foot, was discussing Hunt business with joint-Master Capt. F. F. Spicer



The leafless trees were bathed in brilliant sunshine as the cavalcade, headed by the joint-Master, Major Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., and Miss José Escott, set off to the covert

CADETS OF THE AVON VALE MET IN A FAMOUS VILLAGE

THE strength of the younger echelon of the Avon Vale Hunt was proved by the fine turn-out at the special Children's Meet on New Year's Eve. It was held at Lacock in Wiltshire, one of the most unspoilt villages in England, celebrated for its historical associations. On this beautiful day, ideal for instruction, the young people gained some valuable experience under the tutelage of their elders, as well as enjoying good sport



A social interlude while hounds were drawing some kale. Mrs. W. Webb, on foot, had caught up with the riders, and was here, with her daughter Sonja, joking with Anne Wiltshire before the view holloa separated them again



Mrs. M. Taylor was introducing a hound to two of its admirers, Charlotte and Sandy More



Capt. and Mrs. Baldwyn Finch's daughters, Christine and Josephine, were early arrivals



Over from the Beaufort country to join in the day's sport were Robert and Martin Scott, sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Scott, on their workmanlike ponies

W. Morris

At The Races

A Matter Of Arithmetic

• Sabretache •

WITH all this jumping going on and some of it with a bearing on the Grand National, some of those impetuous people who are always keen on being at least two fences in front have been asking—quite querulously I think—why we are hearing nothing from the bookmakers about The Greatest Chase in the World.

As bookmakers are no more gifted with second sight than are the rest of us, this question is hardly a fair one, for we have not yet even got the entries! We may have a very good rough idea as to what animals may be going to be entered, but this is hardly good enough, and if any bookmaker did venture to publish a list it might easily be very misleading.

Bookmakers in any case are supposed to bet only "to figures," a pure matter of arithmetic. It is quite true, of course, that some of them do not and thus run the risk of being badly shot.

We shall certainly get the quotations quickly enough when the fielders know what there is to quote about and they will not wait for even the first forfeits if they think there is any business doing; so let's stop heaving half-bricks at them. They do not deserve them. As to this recent event, the King George VI chase at Kempton, Galloway Braes's convincing win with 12.6 on his back, beating Mont Tremblant four lengths after making all the running, has naturally caused many people to ask the question: "How about the National?" Mont Tremblant has jumped the Aintree fortifications and run second in a Grand National; Galloway Braes has not, and anyway, he won't go. The more pertinent question surely would seem to be "How about the Gold Cup?" It is only a quarter of a mile farther but on a much more trying course, and that uphill finish at Cheltenham has found out the weak spots in a good many of them in the past; but on the Kempton form it looks as if it is not likely to trouble Lady Orde's fine horse.

It is never safe to say that any steeplechase is all over bar the shouting because anybody who has ever had to do with this particular form of amusement knows that you are never really home until you have passed the post. As to the Grand National that naturally is another pair of shoes, because however much we may think that any horse looks as if he might jump the Aintree fences the risks are prodigious. The feature of this Kempton card was the high percentage of competitors owned by the ladies; but then this is true of so many cards these days, for steeplechasing seems to have a special attraction for the gentle sex led by Her Majesty The Queen Mother. "Master View" (quoting the Ring's pronunciation) heads the list and is a certain runner in the Grand National so far as we are told and it is pretty certain that he will get over his nervous attack. A course of hurdling is one way of restoring shattered confidence, for this is what this nice horse suffered from at Hurst. Humans are just as liable to be put off their stroke.

PS.—"Atty" Persse, of whom more later, has not "gone"—only pulled up for a breather!



MEXICAN CANASTA with a strong musical flavour as the basis of a new and hilarious game, played by Myles Eason, Hermione Baddeley, Eric Berry and Dora Bryan in a sketch by Alan Melville with music by Kenneth Leslie-Smith

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"At The Lyric" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

THE music is merely bright; the dancing and the scenery are strictly incidental; yet we know from the very beginning that this is a revue which we are going to enjoy.

At the very beginning are the bellringers, each more oddly lugubrious than the rest, pealing out with peevish incompetence glad tidings over the Christmas snow. They are Miss Hermione Baddeley, Miss Dora Bryan, Mr. Eric Berry and Mr. Ian Carmichael. We know at once that we are in safe hands, that the party has warmed up already and will not go cold on us. But if it is the company which instantly makes the party feeling, it is Mr. Alan Melville who ultimately justifies it.

There used to be a notion that the more writers that could be got together for the making of a revue, the more pleasingly various the revue would turn out to be. It was a logical notion, but more often than not the logic was shown to be delusive.

SOME mysterious law ordains that only a limited number of ideas shall attend the birth of any one revue. The more authors stand in readiness to catch the available ideas, the more likely they are to bring down a handful of much the same colour. In this instance four excellent lyrics are contributed by Mr. Paul Dehn, one by Mr. Michael Flanders; the rest are by Mr. Melville; and between them they achieve the desired effect of diversity which so often eludes larger teams. Their lyrics do not attain to brilliance, but they never—or hardly ever—fall below a decently high level.

Mr. Melville provides generously and discriminately for Miss Baddeley. There is an outrageous burlesque of the other Hermione, "my mother, as everybody knows," descending the staircase of a well-known cabaret stage, and a still more outrageous parody of how the French would cope with Miss Anna Neagle's patriotic tableaux.

At times, no doubt, she a little oversteps the mark, but if her mockery takes no account of her victim's feelings, neither does it take any account of her own. She and the joke rollick about in the dust together.

BUT she likes occasionally to mingle broad fun with realism and preevish humour with pathos. She gives a specimen of both styles in this revue. Glued with her family to the television screen till given momentary respite by a technical hitch, she hits off to the life both the bondage and the helpless resentment of the addict. And she and Miss Marjorie Dunkels give an extraordinarily vivid impression of an exacting old lady and her companion, who hate each other, but realize that their wireless lives are bound together till death releases one or both or the other.

Miss Dora Bryan has much the same brand of humour as Miss Baddeley, but they manage (in Sterne's phrase) to halve most matters amicably enough. Miss Bryan is at her best as the quiet young lady who, according to her own account, has spent her life pushing her nearest and dearest over cliffs. She is no sooner told by the psychiatrist the reason why she has dreamed these incidents than, quite as a matter of course, she pushes him through the window.



IAN CARMICHAEL, elegantly attired, recalls a famous historical character

M. MELVILLE reserves his best lyrics and sketches for the women, but the two overwhelming tailors who make a customer as unhappy as they foolishly can give chances which are admirably taken to Mr. Myles Eason, Mr. Berry and Mr. Carmichael. And perhaps the wittiest of his lyrics, appealing for sympathy for those bodiless creatures with whom Miss Ruth Draper peoples her stage, brings in nearly everybody to their advantage.



Arms were outstretched as the hundreds of balloons were released from the ceiling. Earlier the dancers had joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne" as the last moments of 1953 ticked away

BALLOONS RAINED DOWN in the traditional manner at the Chelsea Arts Ball, at the Albert Hall, as several thousand guests in fancy dress greeted the New Year. The theme of the midnight parade was "Fun," the set pieces and procession—though their life was all too short—equalling any seen in recent years



Mr. Peter Collins, Mrs. B. Lawson, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Charles Slade took refreshments early in the evening



Mr. W. H. Ferguson in fancy dress and Miss Angela Ward were two more of the guests at this annual celebration



Mrs. R. G. Berchem, Mr. E. J. Lacey, Mr. W. B. Alexander, Mrs. W. B. Alexander, Mr. J. C. K. Bird and Miss Dorothy Hawkins were watching from their box as the procession began

London Limelight



Mr. Morley "in a play of his own devising"

The Newest Ice Show

ROBERT MORLEY will be seen next in a play of his own devising, entitled *Hippo Dancing*. It is based upon a theme by Andre Roussin, who wrote the original version of *The Little Hut*. Whether Mr. Morley can rival Miss Mitford's skill on thin ice remains to be seen, for nearly everything from Roussin's pen is so uncompromisingly and superbly French in the first instance that mere translation would provide a feast for watch committees and weak wake-and-water for the rest of us. Readers of *Lorsque l'Enfant Parait*, one of his most successful comedies, will appreciate the difficulty of providing an English equivalent to M. le Ministre's intimate and simultaneous discoveries about his wife, his daughter, his secretary and his parlourmaid.

A LONDON theatre owner said to me recently "I am thinking of writing a play to be called *Last-Weeks*. If I could get it past the backers, the combines, the censors, the electricians, Equity, the Musicians Guild and the Gallery I would be able to cash in on the excellent publicity it is already receiving on the bills of half the theatres in London."

BRIDGET BOLAND, whose play, *The Return*, had a brief but distinguished life at the Duchess, is also the author of *The Prisoner*, which Tennents are bringing to London for a limited run later this year.

The MSS., which started life under the title *The Cardinal*, and later became *I Confess*, is the story of a high dignitary of the Catholic church in Mittel-Europe arrested on the customary charge of treasonable activities and persuaded into confession. The work has attracted a number of stars in its peregrinations, among them Orson Welles and Sir Laurence Olivier, but the protagonists in the production itself will be Alec Guinness and Noel Willman.

The story is not of existing politics or religious dogmas, but of moral and ethical principles clashing with forceful personalities. Peter Glenville is to direct and the sets are by Labisse, a man with a very considerable reputation among the French designers.

John Whiting, the intelligent man's long shot for importance as a playwright, is the author of *Marching Song*, which will star Diana Wynyard and Robert Flemyng.

His prizewinning work *Saints Day* completely defeated me despite its merits, but *A Penny for a Song* warmed the heart by its leisurely charm. Let us hope Mr. Whiting has now learned to walk a little faster.

—Youngman Carter



H.H. PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK with H.H. Princess Anne and her son and daughter, the Hon. Thomas and the Hon. Elizabeth Anson, visited the Empire Pool, Wembley, to see a performance of *Humpty Dumpty on Ice*. Afterwards they talked to the stars of the show, Daphne Walker (left) and Gloria Nord



KING PETER of Yugoslavia, with his son Prince Alexander, visited the Schoolboys' Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall and took a "trip into Time" wearing space suits. The Prince opened the Exhibition after an hour-and-a-half's tour

Talk Around the Town

WHEN the Queen made her broadcast the other day she set a nice problem in what some might now like to call the use of the "Queen's British."

Just one word of it. But, even that word apart, one felt that there would be loyal protests after the speech. The St. Andrew's Society were first in, explaining in pedantic manner that it was not Queen Elizabeth I. but Mary Queen of Scots who was her "great forebear"—that being the Queen's own phrase.

But what precisely is a "forebear"? It was not in either of my two English dictionaries. So I turned to the twelve-volume *Oxford*. Columns of "fores"; but no "forebears."

Then I tried "forbears." It is a Scots spelling of the word. And it can mean "one who is, or exists before," which might be interpreted as a previous and distant bearer of the same name.

Queen Elizabeth I. is thus her *forebear* as occupant of the Throne, while poor Mary is a *forbear* by virtue of the Stuart blood which descended, on the distaff side, through the Hanoverians.

I would suggest that one moral is: don't question a Queen on the use of her own language—or upon her family history.

PALL MALL has lost the Marlborough-Windham Club for ever, and it was on the very day it closed the doors—December 31st—that I chanced to visit a club at the extended end of Pall Mall which might perhaps call itself the Elysian-Stygian, if it wished to be whimsy.

Men and women only enjoy death membership—with a few Royal exceptions.

Each year the National Portrait Gallery parades the new members it has acquired during the twelvemonth. And a mixed crowd they usually are (true, too, of clubs with living members).

I commend particularly a Nollekens bust of Charles James Fox, who is given the

perfect politician's face, of a kind which one now identifies with U.S. Senators, bland and well chinned, but in the case of Fox with a mouth designed for a man of sardonic humour. Catherine the Great so fell in love with this fine, beefy, eighteenth-century English face that she ordered a dozen or two like it—an odd sidelight on both Kate and Fox. The price per bust was £73 10s., as an autograph receipt shows.

Fox faces you by the side of Frederick Augustus Hervey, 4th Earl of Bristol (1732-1803), who gives the Curator a chance to exercise his gift for writing unusual labels. Lord Bristol is the "eccentric but practical Bishop of Derry, a chronic traveller on the Continent."

I like that "chronic"; he was, of course, the man who made "Bristol" popular as a name for a hotel. How many of them are there? Has the City of Bristol ever counted them—starting with Berlin and Vienna?

The label for a head of Sir Roger Casement—sketched in the dock?—is: "Irish patriot: executed for treason."

Among the new acquisitions are two of the same man, the Roger Fry who was called by Max "the First King of Bloomsbury." Neither Max's own contribution (he appears here as artist for the first time) nor the art critic's version of himself brings back much memory of the Roger Fry I met on occasion.

As amusing as anything in the two rooms filled with recent acquisitions—some fine drawings by Will Rothenstein among them—is a conversation piece entitled "Dinner at Haddo House" in 1884, showing Lord and Lady Aberdeen entertaining the young Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone, I believe, suffered from deafness. He is, at least, often depicted with a hand to his ear. Perhaps his affliction dates from this very dinner-party.

There is a bagpiper in full blast just behind him.

CASUALTIES among London clubs have not been quite so heavy as is sometimes suggested. I have been looking through a twenty-year-old list and find most of the best-known ones are still active to-day.

There have been some dozen cases of identity lost through amalgamation, or by closing down: the Bachelors' (who went to the St. James's), the Junior Constitutional, the Sports (to the East India), the Cocoa

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



Tree, the British Empire, the Albemarle among their number and last month saw the Junior United Services join the Senior 200 yards away.

There is one addition—the International Sportsman's (opened twenty-three years ago); also much re-housing. The Green Room lost its premises in the war, but not its character, which I am assured is now 100 per cent. theatrical. The biggest loss was the Carlton, in Pall Mall. Lunching in their acquired St. James's Street premises the other day, I admired the ingenuity with which they have contrived ladies' rooms. Their former mansion off Pall Mall devoted to visitors was the finest of its kind in clubland.

★ ★ ★

WATCHING roulette being played at parties over the holidays, I wondered just what it was that made this amusing game seem so wicked for so many, and after much pondering came to the conclusion that it is the name.

It must have a naughty sound in many English ears—like can-can, frou-frou, Fifi and mademoiselle. Indeed, "Mlle Roulette" would not be at all a bad name for a frou-frou'd dancer of the can-can!

That in this country, so enslaved by every kind of gambling, the game should be illegal; that men in private clubs (and bar-men) will whisper where it can be played that night; that anyone should take more objection to it than to snakes-and-ladders (sometimes, they tell me, played with tuppenny stakes) is enough to make even a mink laugh.

One heavy player at a game "in the heart of Mayfair" recently was a lady whose name I cannot mention. Nor, after a police raid, could any journal. A gambler appearing in a juvenile court would be something of a novelty. She was eleven years old.

★ ★ ★

A NYONE who has tried to board a London bus at a busy point during the rush hours must have serious thoughts on the efficiency of their design. Picturesque and handsome the London bus certainly is; indeed, to foreign eyes (and to those of many a returning traveller) it symbolises London; but doesn't it rely too much on the conductor?

I am told that Paris has now evolved a model with three doors, with entrance at the back and exits midway up and at the front. I confess I have seldom obtained a seat on a Paris bus, being content to stand out on the platform, but, if an old magazine I have come on is correct, the French can claim a previous knowledge of bus technique.

Quiz experts would probably say that "George Shillibeer" was the creator of the omnibus, but it seems he was preceded by a Frenchman called Baudry in 1827. He ran hot baths in a suburb of Nantes and collected his passengers in a big vehicle labelled "omnibus." A year later he took the idea to Paris.

What London really wants is some open-top buses, so that people on their way to their daily imprisonment in offices can catch sight of the sky. Oh, no, the bus people say: what would happen when it rains? Just what happened before the passengers were cooped up like barnyard fowls on the top deck. There is nothing like rain-water to beautify the complexion and give one a healthy glow.

—Gordon Beckles



The "Very Junior" Set Enjoyed an Afternoon Party at the Hungaria

Heather Hicks and Jane Leigh awaited their coats before thanking their host, M. Vecchi

Linda and June Cunningham, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cunningham, pulled a cracker



Wearing paper hats, Linda and June Cunningham, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cunningham, pulled a cracker



Tony Hough escorted Jennifer Waites (left) and Sally Matthews, granddaughter of Lady Pulbrook



Mme. Maurice Baumgartner, Mr. Charles Chaplin, who came over from his home, Le Manoir de Ban, near Vevey, the Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, chatelaine of L'Elysée, Ouchy, Mme. Edmond Houri and (behind) Mme. Roland Angelesco

CHARLES CHAPLIN AT A SWISS PARTY

AS part of their celebrations for the New Year, the Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues gave a cocktail party at their home at Ouchy, Lausanne, overlooking Lake Geneva, at which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin were guests. The gathering included friends from Britain and America—which the host and hostess will shortly visit—France and Switzerland



The Marquis de Cramayel, son of the host and grandson of the late Sir John Latta, Bt., had a drink with Mme. Tissieres



Comte Juan Ruisenada, Chamberlain to H.M. Queen Victoria Eugenie, Duchesse Decaze and Comtesse Ruisenada



Admiring a photograph of the hostess's grandchild were Mr. Phillip Galland and Mme. Haas, daughter of Count Wenckheim



Mme. Mathilde Calnan, M. Robert Bovon and Countess Mancini, who divides her time between her homes in Lausanne and Florence



Other guests at this excellent party were Baron and Baroness De Chollet, daughter of the Comtesse de Monleon



Baron de Bellet lit a cigarette for Mrs. Mary Woodward before they joined the rest of the party in the lounge



Mrs. Lilo Evangelides and Mlle. Marzina Sjöö, both of whom make their homes in Lausanne, arrived together



Comte Edouard Decaze brought his American-born wife, the former Miss Caroline Stott, of Virginia



Mrs. Charles Chaplin was laughing with her host, Comte Chevreau d'Antraigues. His home in the Canton de Vaud is reputed one of the finest examples of an eighteenth-century mansion built in the French style



DINING OUT

Good News From The Vineyards

You may be interested to know that if you are still drinking champagne around about 1958, you will be enjoying a fine vintage year if you ask the wine waiter for a bottle of '53.

The year has proved a good one, which cheers the people who bottle and blend the bubbly wine, and it may even indirectly encourage them to consider lowering prices.

Their argument is that the cost of labour—champagne has to be nursed from the day of its birth—rises steadily. On the other hand, sales have gone down. The 1952 figures are 30,000,000 bottles sold in France (a drop of 6,000,000) and 12,000,000 abroad (a drop of 3,000,000).

But the best vintages, the good *sec* ones, still come here, the most reliable market. I would wager that no one could guess the next heaviest drinker. It is Indo-China, and they lap down more than the whole of the United States.

There is a fine frankness about champagne vintages. No deception is possible, it would seem. The French may be lacking in some things of consequence, but they know their wines. The great vintages, beyond the 1906's and 1911's, are still the 1928, 1929, '41 and '47, the latter now crowning the market as the finest champagne.

WASHINGTON (Curzon Street). They have wisely eased down on their Chinese enthusiasms here, and the cuisine is now essentially French again. A poussin after the Christmas turkey glut comes acceptably. Here is the chef's recipe for *Poussin farci maitre Joseph*: Take a nice poussin, split it along the back and remove all the bones. Place in the centre a chicken farce, fold back into shape. Cook in butter in an oven for fifteen minutes. When cooked, place on serving dish, place a slice of *foie gras* on the top; garnish with tips of asparagus and Parisienne potatoes. Finish off with brown butter and chopped parsley.

M. Stratta is now *maitre d'hôtel*.

A NEAT little card which might well be part of the equipment of every *maitre d'hôtel* has just been produced by Mr. Joe Francis, the barkeeper. It is headed "Reasons Why It Is So Quiet To-night." And among the thirty-five reasons given are: it's cold outside, people haven't the money, it's monday, it's tuesday, stock exchange is dull, it's a funny year, before the holidays, after the holidays, winter sports, too hot, there a big private party being held to-night, and its friday the 13th.

The card might come in useful to theatre box-office managers.

Speaking for myself I am never discommoded by dining in an almost empty restaurant. One should be able to dine all the better.

—I. Bickerstaff



Michael Dunne

MISS ROSE COTTERELL, elder daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell, and niece of Earl Beauchamp, recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday with a dance at her home, Garnons, Hereford. Sir Richard, the fifth baronet, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire in 1945

Priscilla in Paris

The First Lady Hands Over

"**A**ND they have such a nice home of their own!" This was the envious and anguished cry of a few thousand home-hunters, the whole army of unfortunates who are sick of hotels and furnished rooms, when they heard that M. René Coty had been elected.

It is more than probable, however, that if they had stopped to reflect, their envious tongues would have been hushed. One hardly imagines that Mme. Coty can be overjoyed at leaving her peaceful home in the quiet fastness of the picturesque Ile St. Louis for the double, double toil and trouble of the faubourg St. Honoré. On the other hand, what prideful joy must have been felt by Mme. Vincent Auriol

when she showed the new First Lady over her domain and pointed out the many improvements she has brought about during her "seven years' hard." Improvements that have taken more than seven maids with seven mops to accomplish.

GONE the hideous glass verandah and station clock that marred the eighteenth-century façade and was such an eyesore to visiting personages of taste; vanished the clumsy iron lampstands that illuminated the gardens in a bygone, gaslit age; renovated are the dark underground kitchens where blackbeetles held their midnight revels; banished for ever is the antiquated coal range that burned a ton of fuel to boil an egg and, greatest triumph of all, scrapped is the single, old-fashioned,

mahogany-enclosed bath-tub of the private, Presidential suite.

An amusing story is told about the old bathroom. Years ago, long before World War One, an outgoing President showed it to his successor: "I hope, dear *confrère*," he said, "that you will be as lucky as we have been. We are such a healthy family that we have only been obliged to use it twice." In those days, when people washed "on the instalment plan" (so to write)—and did so, be it added, very thoroughly—an "all-over" bath was considered solely from a medical point of view.

AN agreeable New Year offering to playgoers is a revival of *White Horse Inn* at the Théâtre du Châtelet. This theatre is, to Parisians and their children, very much what I remember Drury Lane to have been at pantomime time in my childhood. But how it would horrify British parents to see, as I did the other evening, innumerable youngsters attending the first night. A show that starts at 8.15 and ends after midnight ought to have been something of an ordeal for small people, but they seemed to be taking it in their stride as a matter of course. They formed an appreciative audience and roared their delight at the little mountain train that "chuff-chuffs" so convincingly down from the summits and on to the stage, the moonlight regatta and the exquisite "bunny ballet" performed by the tiny dancers of the excellent *corps de ballet*.

They waited with sublime patience—not one little yawn did I see—through the love-scenes between sweet-voiced, lovely Colette Riedinger and her swains (Luc Barney and Bernard Plantey), for the Funny Man and delightful Simone Sully to return. I am with them in wishing that this charming actress, who dances as well as she sings, had a great deal more to do. M. Benoit-Léon Deutsch has given us a lavish production, with gorgeous costumes and scenery.

VISITORS to Paris who have seen her on the screen and in her song number at the A.B.C. will be glad to know that Suzy Delair is now appearing in an extremely witty and amusing musical comedy, *Mobilette*, by M. Serge Veber, with music by Henri Betti, to be seen at the Europeen. This tiny theatre, that still bears the name that became famous as a *café-concert* in the 'nineties, is to be found in the rue Biot, just off the Place Clichy. "Suzy" is beloved of all lovers of *la chanson française*; she is a laughing gamin, gaiety personified, and yet, strangely enough, she is fond of lemons and this to such an extent that her friends of the Press have been known to send her baskets of the golden fruit.

She is also famous for her charming voice and a pair of underpinnings that have given Mistinguett many an anxious moment. She is, in short, a lass who makes an audience feel "Oliver Twistic."

Enfin!

• Heard at the reception:

FIRST DEAREST ENEMY: *She was married in white.*

SECOND DEAREST ENEMY: *They make such perfect imitation orange-blossom nowadays.*



Passing the hunting horn round were Miss Christine Lodge, Mr. Peter Donovan, Miss Lois Edlin, Mr. Nicolas Neve, Miss Elizabeth Stedman and Mr. Michael Robinson



Mr. B. L. O'Neil, Miss Christine Hampton, Mrs. Murray and Mr. Ian Murray were members of a party sitting at a table for four



Miss Yolande Ashton was partnered in a fox-trot by Mr. David Negus, a member of Christchurch and New College Beagles

WINDING OF HORN STILLED DANCERS

THE Drill Hall at the R.M.A., Sandhurst, became a gaily decorated ballroom when the officer cadets gave their annual Beagles Ball. Highlight of the evening was the hunting horn contest, in which many of the 700 guests competed



Taking a turn round the dance-floor as the evening got well under way were Miss Caroline Starkey and Mr. Simon Horn

Consulting the table plan on arrival were Miss Anne Underwood, Mr. Rory Cochrane-Dyet, Miss Judy Shepherd and Mr. Ian Saltmarsh. The hunting pink and green of the beagling enthusiasts put the final touch to a colourful scene

Van Hallan



From the top of the staircase Mr. Michael Watkins, Miss Ann Snelling, Miss Virginia Meddowes and Mr. Peter Stocken watched guests arriving

THE RED COATS OF CHELSEA HONOURED LA FIESTA BALL

WHEN the La Fiesta Club gave its annual ball at Londonderry House, the guests of honour were two Chelsea Pensioners, invited because many of the Club's members live in districts near the Royal Hospital. There was an assembly of more than 200, who greatly enjoyed dancing among the historic treasures of this fine mansion, and the midnight supper



Busts of Castlereagh and a former Lord Londonderry overheard Mr. Hugh Wickham (vice-president), chatting to Miss Angela Hall and Mrs. and Mr. Colin Haden West



In the hall, beneath a very animated canvas of St. Cecilia with in seasonable disguise, Mrs. Spooner and the hon. secretary Pensioners. In the centre is In Pensioner C. Tennuci,



resident, Mr. Patrick Spooner, M.B.E.,
Hyde, were welcoming the two Chelsea
n the right C/Sgt. F. C. Devereux



Calling to friends across the balcony were Miss Dorothy Leach,
Mr. Paul Hyndson, Miss Jean Robertson, Miss Joy Lucas
and Mr. Robert Bresley



Mr. Nick Nullis, chairman of La
Fiesta, was partnering his wife in a
slow fox-trot



G/Capt. T. H. L. Nicholls, R.A.F.,
was taking Miss Margot Shields
round in a waltz



A raconteur of ability, Mr. Edward Kalfayan was holding
the amused attention of Miss Margaret Walker, Miss Jan
Vrin and Mr. David Whately

O'Neill

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham



Standing By

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

OLD ETONIANS are asking why the exact number of votes recorded for Mistinguett (*vide* Press) in the sixth—or was it the sixteenth?—ballot for the Presidency of France at Versailles the other day was not disclosed. Our information is that the politicians had a paralysing shock and hashed things up in their usual dirty way.

So the vision of the slim figure of La Présidente tripping lightly down the Élysée Palace staircase, costumed in a few diamonds and ostrich feathers and a dazzling smile and crying "Vive le Pop!" evaporates once more. Not once since the Republic was launched in 1791, when she was hardly born, has France been ruled by a President with glamour, chic, verve, personality, the gift of song, and exquisite legs insured for £20,000—in fact most of the boys are noted for shapeless torsos and very homely pans indeed, ranging in artistic nullity from Fallières, who looked like a suet-pudding, to Clemenceau, who looked like an angry sea-lion, and Poincaré, who had the features of a saddened horse. Whereas Mistinguett has every gift a President can possibly need, apart from a nice late cut to leg which enabled her to knock up that 157-not-out against Harrow on a memorable occasion.

Chaps who attack the co-education principle forget that but for one famous and charming girl dry-bob, Etonian cricket to-day would lack that elegant *diablerie* for which it is justly famed (see Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*, XLV).

Blow

MUMBLING bitterly about a lot of dull sequences involving the happy married life of the great illusionist Houdini in a new film, one of the critics had no theory to explain this outrage on British filmgoers' feelings. It seems likely to us that the script-boys were so dead sick of blondes at the time that they lacked the spirit to stick even half-a-dozen into Houdini's home-life, routine or no routine.

Over-production, in fact, may have led to consumer-revolt. About 15,000 glittering blondes, standardised in every detail as motor cars and about as sociable, come down the assembly-line annually for the Hollywood

market, a gloomy chap in the racket once told us. His only solution was mass-export of these dainty novelties in cellophane wrappings towards the end of every year, in time to be hung on Christmas-trees.

We asked about the type of seemingly-dumb gift blonde which, when pressed, says "Ma-ma" and opens large eyes in a lifelike manner. He said this type amuses the Big Business boys quite a lot till they're given their first clockwork engine.

Worry

THAT roguey little fuss in Parliament just before Christmas over the projected engagement of an American actress to play Peter Pan, like Pauline Chase, may lead to a debate on the play itself, our Lobby spies predict. Many progressive M.P.s are worried about it. It had possibly (they think) a message for the Typical Modern Child of 1904, but what of the Typical Modern Child of 1954, still having its little mind formed at one of those expensive prep. schools where they carve Matron and kick their dear preceptor in the liver?

A child-psychologist assures us that merely to rearrange the action so that Peter deliberately shoots Little Mother dead in Act II is no solution, though it would release a few libidos, and not only infant ones. As for lifting a good idea from *Hansel and Gretel* and letting Little Mother pop the Lost Boys into a big hot oven, dancing an Oven Dance, there are technical reasons—lighting, timing and so forth—against it, unless of course the rest of the play is cut out entirely. Even so the message does not seem to us "contemporary" enough. We'd personally engage some recognised spokesman for the Atomic Age like Jean-Paul Sartre to work over the whole script. Then, instead of all that hoo-ha about the Never-Never-Land, all concerned would merely find themselves in hell from the beginning.

Afterthought

ROUGH possible climax :
R HOOK (*laughing stridently*) : Oh, do say you believe in the Furies!

[Pan leaps at Wendy and stabs her three times. She laughs stridently.]

WENDY : Boo! Don't you know we're all dead?

A BIRDIE (*laughing stridently*) : And together! For ever!

PAN (*laughing stridently*) : Of course! In hell! For ever!

A FURY : Cuckoo!

(All collapse, laughing stridently.)

A trifle on the pretty-pretty side, maybe? Let it ride, cullies.

Bags

TERRORISTS in flight without their trousers cannot look very impressive, it occurred to one on scanning a news-item about a party of Malayan Reds routed by a jungle-patrol just as they'd hung their rain-soaked

pants up to dry. Nor would the Lord Mayor either, maybe.

That act of implicit faith in their braces which enabled the great Victorians to boom so sonorously in public—there may have been a moment when the whole future of Liberalism hung on a single button—was undoubtedly justified. A disciplined memory usually ensured that the Victorians' trousers were actually on, though Jane Welsh Carlyle had constantly to remind her famous husband, as is well known, before his morning walk down Chelsea Embankment, Carlyle scorned such womanish fuss. "It's no' ma glowerin' pan that drarws the crroud, ye puir flechterin' skelpie," he would roar, "it's the waefu' sough o' the sou'west wind athwart ma hairy laigs." Whistler's portrait shows a horse laughing at Carlyle's legs under the old nightie on Battersea Bridge. This, however, is a bit of Japanese whimsy derived from Hokusai.

The big Victorian girls depended mostly on elastic and high principle, and rarely appeared in their lingerie (chiefly grey flannel) in public. When they did, as in the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward in 1865, the public was too dazed to demonstrate, save by a kind of feeble imaginary weaving.

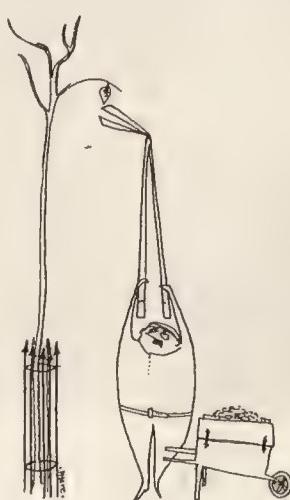
Rite

IT did not occur to a sweetheart lately describing her rambles in the remoter parts of Britain that a primitive, smoke-grimed old wax doll she saw behind a farmhouse chimney in the wilds might be a token that the locals practise black magic. If the thing was pierced through the heart she could have risked a winsome question or two, if she had a gun.

This oldest of rural long-distance methods of making your enemy pine away and die is now used, we gather, also by booksy girls who hate their publishers and have not yet learned that nothing can kill those boys. We may tell them that their favourite Formula 9, invoking such infernal powers as Bachachuch, Noktoukit, and Phnoukentabaoth,

is absolutely no good at all and makes the Publishers' Association laugh its pants off. The trouble is probably lack of patience. Down in the Hick Belt we are aware that you can't rush these things. Maybe the girls should try something easier first, such as the occult midnight rite of the slaying of the Black Cock, which the old Sussex woman described to Kipling ("all de time dere was, like, someone trying to come through at ye from outside in de dark . . .").

You ask why the Publishers' Association can afford to laugh its pants off at the threats of La Belle Garbage and her kind. It is because all its members habitually practise rigid virtue and selfless charity. Well, nearly all, anyway.





In the lounge of the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter, were Mr. S. R. Cummings, who has recently taken office as secretary, Miss Virginia Greenshields, Sir Charles Cave, Bt., Miss P. Pepys and Col. C. Pepys, chairman of the Hunt



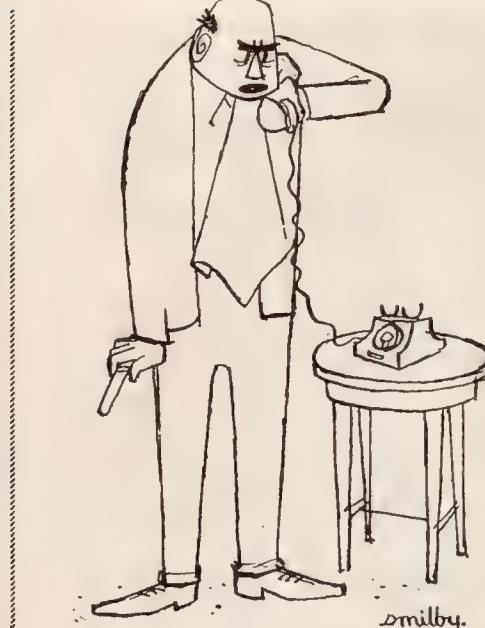
THE EAST DEVON HUNT BALL proved a great success, with 360 guests. A large party were (seated), Mrs. P. Courage, the Master, Capt. B. R. W. Bell, Miss Susan Lumley, Miss G. Brooke-Hitchings, Mrs. Nigel Knight-Bruce. Standing, Major P. Courage, Mr. R. A. Sherwen, Miss Valerie Duckworth-Bradshaw, Mr. David Lyon-Smith, M.H., Capt. Nigel Knight-Bruce, M.F.H., Messrs. Peter Roffe-Sylvester, M.H., J. F. Cann, J. G. Cliff and Hugh Knight-Bruce



Miss Jane Gairdner, Mr. James Templer, Miss Sara and Mr. Oliver William-Powlett and Miss Tessa Borradale



Miss G. Wilkinson, Miss M. White, Miss J. Mitchell, Mr. E. F. Seymour Rouse and Mr. John Culm Seymour



"Do I sound like the fishmonger?"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE mentality of a soldier was being tested by a psychiatrist.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices come from?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier.

"Ah," said the examiner wisely.

"And when does this happen?"

"When I answer the telephone," came the reply.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Peter was playing quietly in the garden with a little girl-friend when he suddenly hit her and she ran home sobbing.

His mother came rushing outside. "Peter," she said, "you had no right to hit Jean. What did she do, anyway?"

"We were playing Adam and Eve," Peter replied, "and she ate the apple instead of tempting me."

* * *

An office cleaner had just become heir to a fortune of £20,000. The staff gathered round her in excitement.

"What are you going to do? Are you going to give up your job? Are you going to get lots of new clothes. Buy a car?" and so on came the questions all at once.

The woman looked at them sternly. "Of course I'm not giving up my job," she said. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I hadn't got it. But I'm warning you all now— heaven help them as gets in the way of me mop!"

* * *

ONE day the manager of a circus was approached by a man who offered to dive from a 500-ft. ladder into a barrel of water. He gave his demonstration and the manager was exceedingly impressed. He offered the man £100 a week for the act. The diver shook his head. He raised the offer to £200 and then £300 a week, but each time the man refused.

"Well," said the manager, "how much do you want to jump into that barrel?"

"I don't want anything," said the man. "This is the first time I ever did it—and I don't like it."

At The Pictures

Old Jokes Misfire



Marilyn Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

THE more the screen changes its size and shape, the more it shows us the same old things. Two new films try to raise laughter out of classic humours of the past—albeit the relatively recent past.

Mark Twain is, I suppose, to be counted an immortal, and *The Million Pound Note* (Gaumont, Haymarket) therefore timeless. Certainly the foibles of

human behaviour in face of fabulous wealth are not peculiar to the Edwardian era in which the film is set. The reason for the misfiring of a good joke is to seek elsewhere than in time.

Nobody, I imagine, would claim immortality for Anita Loos even though *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has been deemed worthy of revival on the Third Programme, of all surprising places, a quarter of a century after publication. (The Third is surely above cashing in on the concurrent presentation of the film at the Leicester Square Theatre.) But it was a witty, incisive jest of its own time, and blondes at least have not changed basically, or gentlemen either.

TWAIN'S basic notion of the power of a million-pound note, even when its temporary possessor (Gregory Peck) may not cash it, is of course a rich jest. Without having read the original, it is still easy to see that in a short story the venality of human reactions could have been flicked wryly, drily and pithily. Embodied in a film peopled by familiar players the fun becomes heavy, the version of human nature too cruel and painful for a frolic. Small parts of servile tailors and hotel staff cry out for a Lubitsch to drill them instead of Ronald Neame.

A few supporting stars understand the picture they ought to be making. One is the venerable A. E. Matthews as the beggar-Duke; another Reginald Beckwith, who makes the dumb Strong Man a real droll. Joyce Grenfell is a comedienne often given to caricature, but her society hostess here is the funnier for being scarcely out of straight. As the heroine, Jane Griffiths scarcely appears a film personality, and even the admirable Mr. Peck is not at his happiest.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" is far worse and may conceivably do better. Miss Loos's "Lorelei," as well as I remember her with the aid of Yolande Donlan and the Third, had the wit to play the innocent. Either Miss Donlan herself or Judy Halliday might have achieved the paradox of conscious unconsciousness. Perhaps Marilyn Monroe's squalid blonde, with tactics so crude as to be unworthy of the name, without glimmer of innocence or wit (until it is all over), may be a more realistic "Professional Lady." But she is not "Lorelei" and she is not funny.

As the more orthodox brunette, Dorothy, Jane Russell has no difficulty in seeming a little more nearly human—but not much. Charles Coburn is wickedly good as the kind of old gentleman who falls victim to such harpies.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Daniele Massa, of the Italian Universities, streaking through the last gate to win the Inter-Varsity Slalom



Miss Sheila Daniell started off the meeting in good style by winning the Ladies' Open race



Mr. Jocelyn Stevens about to start off in the Cambridge Open race. During the visit he gave a cocktail party



Mr. Gay Fryer (St. John's), the Cambridge captain, racing in the Giant Slalom, in which he was second

UNIVERSITIES SKIED SNOWS OF ITALY

SESTRIERES, in the Italian Alps, a resort which is becoming extremely popular, provided an ideal setting for a visit from the Combined University Ski Clubs of Oxford, Cambridge and Trinity College Dublin, who went there for a fortnight's sports. Its fine runs, planned by the famous Hans Nibel, and its seven ski lifts make for really outstanding skiing for both the expert and the novice.

The Ski Clubs were most fortunate in that, spite of the general lack of snow throughout Europe before Christmas, skiing was possible every day in Sestrieres—virtually the only place where this was so. Nevertheless, skiing was hampered and there were no downhill races because of rocky, dangerous conditions. Giant slaloms took their place.

THAT fine international skier, Miss Sheila Daniell, was an easy winner of the Ladies' Open on the first day, with Miss Veronica Cadbury, of Girton College, Cambridge, skiing beautifully as runner-up. In the Oxford College race, the Christ Church team, R. Pearman, J. R. Searle and R. Williams Ellis, skied well to be the first three. The Cambridge Open was won by O. Redfern, with C. D. Gladstone as runner-up, both from Trinity College, Cambridge.

A COLD blizzard handicapped the inter-Varsity slalom, in which the Italian Universities were also competing. Competitors were unable to run more than fifty yards ahead down the course. This did not make for good or stylish skiing. Falls were numerous. Daniele Massa, of Italy, skied superbly through the many difficult gates to beat his team mate E. Aliverti, and Gay Fryer, Cambridge captain, who tied for second place.

The Giant Slalom between the Swiss, Italian, Oxford and Cambridge Universities was postponed until the following morning. In perfect weather the Hon. Christopher Parnell, the Oxford captain, went down first, but unfortunately fell and was placed twelfth. Fryer, the next off, skied magnificently to come second. First was G. Lavizzari, the Italian Universities, who beat Fryer by nine seconds. The Italian Universities won the event. Cambridge was second, the Swiss Universities third, and Oxford last.



Snow conditions at Sestrières, as seen in this picture, were excellent, and after the skiing social life was far from neglected. Many cocktail parties were given, and a brilliant fancy-dress ball made a fitting climax to a very gay fortnight



Mr. Tim Summers (Clare) takes a look around before setting off for the start of the Cambridge Open



Toasting the Italians' success in the inter-Varsity events were the Hon. Christopher Parnell, Oxford captain, Mr. D. Flanagan, captain of Trinity College, and Mr. Robin Richards, secretary of the Cambridge Ski Club



Having a breather were Mr. Mark Pattinson, Miss Susan Collingwood Carter, Mr. David Piper and Miss Jennifer Peerless



As a terrifyingly mobile scarecrow, Mr. Hugh Bower, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, won the first individual prize for fancy dress
A. W. P. Stenham



Miss Denise Loyd and Mr. David Donne had a drink before the mantelpiece decorated with Christmas cards



Laughing together as the evening got well under way were Mr. David Whaley and Miss Cynthia Grenfell



Admiring the magnificent painting of Britannia by Norman Wilkinson were Miss Sarah Theed and Mr. Michael Alston

BELL AT THE BALL RANG NEW YEAR IN

THE Royal Thames Yacht Club chose New Year's Eve for their winter ball, when more than 450 members and their guests danced at the fine clubhouse in Knightsbridge. The arrival of 1954 was greeted with the ringing of the historic eighteenth-century bell from H.M.S. Thames.



Mr. J. L. Guermonprez, Mrs. Guermonprez, Mrs. O'Flynn and Dr. Michael O'Flynn sat at one of the small tables during an interval in the dancing



Others relaxing for a short time and enjoying a drink were Mr. Trevor de Hamel, Mrs. Ronald Hornby, Princess (Constance) Galitzine and Mr. Etienne de Hamel



Cdr. Colin Campbell, R.N.V.R., Rear-Commodore of the Club, greeted Mrs. Goslett and Mr. Graham Goslett at this very successful ball



Mr. Kenneth G. Poland, chairman of committees, Mr. John Davidson and Miss Barbara Kitcat raised their glasses in a toast to next season's sailing



Mr. Christopher Larcom, Miss Rosanne Foster, Miss Deirdre Craufurd and Mr. Hanslip Long gathered for a chat while the band was resting



Mr. Allan Wyatt, Miss Pauline Jacobsen, Major C. J. P. Ball, D.S.O., M.C., one of the trustees of the club, Miss Patricia Ball and Mr. Michael Svkes

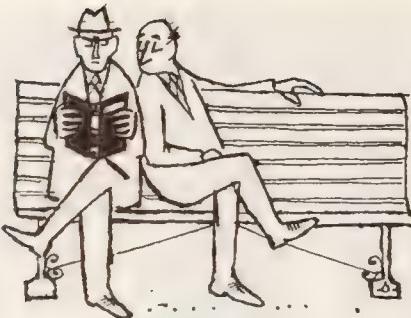


Mr. Edgar M. Bowden escorted Mrs. Bowden and agreed with her that it was an evening to remember



In the supper room Mrs. Bruce Benson, Mrs. J. Covington, Mrs. F. Stephan and Miss J. Stephan sat out while awaiting the return of their escorts with refreshments. The organisers were warmly congratulated on the ball

Gabor Denes



ROMANCE OF THE MARSH

ROMNEY MARSH is like this: either you love it or it means nothing to you, writes "Criticus." It lacks the pastoral charm of other places; it has no great vistas or brooding forests or laughing streams. But if you care to look, the centuries will roll back for you; rare flowers will raise their heads and strange birds will circle above you.

You could not have a better guide than Mr. Walter J. C. Murray if you wish to explore this strange corner of England, which was a bay before the Romans saved it from the sea to take a notable place in our history. ROMNEY MARSH (Hale; 18s.) is the story of the area and a fascinating one it proves as it unfolds down the years against the grim background of a never-ending fight to keep the sea at bay. Great changes there have been as, for instance, the famous ports which are now inland towns, but it is still the same. It is the Marsh. Mr. Murray, with apt illustration and mellifluous text, will intrigue the newcomer and confirm the habitué.

* * *

REAR-ADMIRAL ANDRE JUBELIN was a senior naval officer and a pilot serving in Indo-China when France fell. He managed to make his way to England—a journey started by a hair-raising flight—and found himself eventually on active service with an R.A.F. fighter squadron, his rank forgotten. He tells of his adventures in THE FLYING SAILOR (Hurst and Blackett; 16s.). He was much older than the English pilots, but he fought with them, accepting youthful command at first with tolerant resignation and finally with enthusiasm. This mature view through keen French eyes of life in an active service squadron is fresh and entertaining. Later Jubelin was withdrawn to continue his naval career, and one senses his emotional reaction to the contrast.

This is a revealing book. We naturally warm to his generous assessment of ourselves; and in making it he inevitably presents himself. No wonder he is to-day France's youngest Admiral.

* * *

ERROLL BRUCE'S vast knowledge of small craft will command the respect of all who know of these matters. If anyone is embarking for their first off-shore cruise they should read every word of DEEP SEA SAILING (Hutchinson; 18s.), and take it with them. It should be on the bookshelf of every yacht or sailing club; it should be in every school library, and I make so bold as to say it should be in every Ward Room. For this book combines solid experience and good, hard common sense with a seamanlike economy of words and delightful touches of rare humour. Not all sailors will agree with all the writer says (for instance, his contempt for the auxiliary engine suggests a blind spot), but his precepts are as wise as his reasoning is clear. It is good to know that as a Commander in the Royal Navy the author is in a position to continue his invaluable work.

* * *

PRACTICALLY all the leading ballet dancers have passed through the hands of Mme. N. Nicolaeva-Legat, and to-day pupils from seventeen countries attend her school at Tunbridge Wells. Her book, PREPARATION FOR BALLET (Duckworth; 15s.), must therefore be regarded as of prime importance to the ballet-teaching profession; but it has a wider interest than this, for being delightfully written, lucid in approach and admirably illustrated, any ballet lover will enjoy it.



Angus McBean

THE RETURN OF ELIZABETH BOWEN as The TATLER'S literary critic, which will take place next week, is an event to cause pleasure wherever the writing of English is held in esteem. Since the publication of *The Heat of the Day* there has been no major work from Miss Bowen, but her admirers will be delighted to learn that her new novel is now completed, although as yet it remains untitled. It will be published by Jonathan Cape, probably in the autumn. In the meantime this most distinguished of critics will write regularly once again for The TATLER.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HOLIDAYS roll on. Before one realizes it there is the school trunk to be packed again. Eldest son, aged twelve, does his own packing at the end of term, so the trunk arrives home a jangling wreck. Skates, swimming suits, squash racket and press (severally) are pounded against letters, exam papers, ping-pong balls, packs of cards, stamps, cheese labels, rugger boots, sweets, and a literary miscellany ranging from *Spike Of Wild-Cat Range* through the *Junior Weekend Book* to the Bible.

There is also the trumpet. We hope every time that he will forget the trumpet at school. It is not, say what you like, a solo nor even a chamber music instrument. If I only had the courage to command him to practise on it regularly, no doubt he would try to get out of it, but I am haunted by the terror that he may call my bluff and obey.

★ ★ ★

So the practice remains intermittent, and neighbouring house-holders remark pointedly that they hear my eldest child is home for the holidays and how it must brighten us all up. And the trumpet, combined with the child's brother's descant recorder and his sister's shrill eight-year-old soprano, presents the effect of a madly rotating radio disc.

Obviously the trumpet is the first thing to pack. Less simple is the question of the typed list of clothes to be returned. Every time the trunk arrives we think out a safe place for this list. Every time it is not there when needed. This time I left it inside the trunk, but it has eaten its way out, like a golden hamster or the taste of paraffin.

Next holidays I will give it, before witnesses, to the Head of the Household for safe keeping. Delegating responsibility is the secret, they tell me, of organization.

★ ★ ★

COMPARED with the uneventful leisure of Easter, the timeless wastes of summer, the Christmas holidays always seem to be hysteria and chaos. When they start, we are madly chasing after Christmas, ticking off those who haven't remembered cards when we did and vice versa, rushing out for more tinsel string and cheerful labels, wondering how far the turkey will stretch.

(Continued overleaf)



Noel Mayne

A THREE-PIECE FOR THE SPRING: This collarless, straight-cut loose coat of flecked tweed is worn over a slim-skirted suit in a smoother fabric with smaller flecks. The selvedge of the material borders the edges of the jacket and its pockets. Rochas of Grafton Street have this ensemble



FOR JANUARY PARTIES we show this evening dress by Roecliff and Chapman made of grey nylon viscose lace worn over stiffened pink taffeta petticoats. The high swathed cummerbund, in folds of grey chiffon, also forms part of the bodice and finishes in a long, graceful stole. Marshall & Snelgrove stock it

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

ALSO there is that lost week before Hogmanay—the grey expeditions to spend the children's book tokens, when no book seems to cost the same as the token and one is always being dragged from the middle of one's own surreptitious reading to make up an odd one-and-six. Pantomimes, sales and parties complete the grim roster.

And this year, on top of everything, there were the paving stones. One of our ambitions is a paved terrace outside the dining-room windows, where, on hypothetical warm evenings, we can sit and chat in a mist of syringa and honeysuckle. The council, we heard, could provide broken paving stones for about half the price of crazy paving. "That'll be all right," the council confirmed, "only it might take a bit of time." So, for many moons, the space outside the dining-room windows remained matted with weeds, and to visitors who looked at it we said hastily that we were getting some paving stones cheap from the council, which we thought exoneration.

★ ★ ★

THEN, a year later almost to the day, the paving stones were there, outside the gate, in a truck. The drivers, once having identified me, caused the truck to rear itself into the air like a beast from 100,000 fathoms or so about to strike.

"Oh, but," I protested, "aren't you going to take them round to the back?"

"Oh, no, dear," chorused the drivers. "Couldn't do nothing like that. Council's orders is to leave them in the road." And at once, broken paving stones cascaded to the ground, and the truck drove off with a gay farewell, leaving me silent as the rocks among which I stood.

★ ★ ★

NEVER before had I realized how heavy paving stones are, even broken ones. The male members of the family were out—dusk was falling. A couple of passers-by remarked gratuitously that I'd better get that lot out of the way before lighting-up time, else there'd be a nasty accident.

I slung a hurricane lamp on to the farthest bastion of the pile and waited for the family to return in order to delegate yet more responsibility. For hours afterwards they both moaned that they thought they had Strained Something. . . . It's so unfortunate that it was my idea to pave the bit outside the dining-room windows. . . .

—Diana Gillon





John French

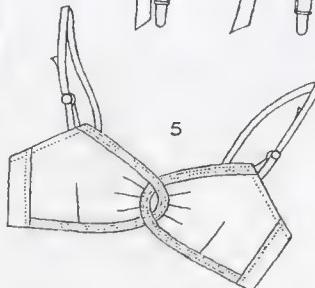
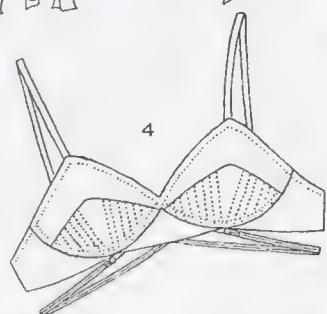
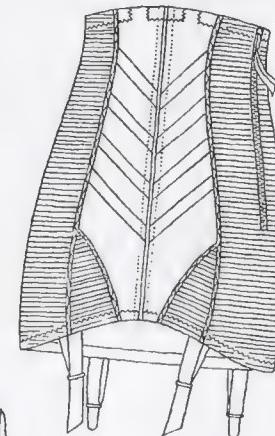
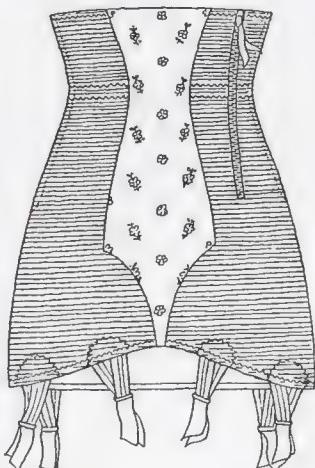
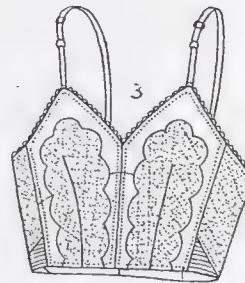
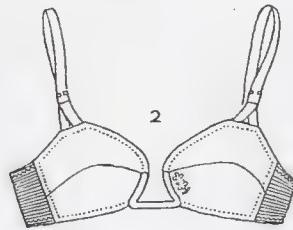
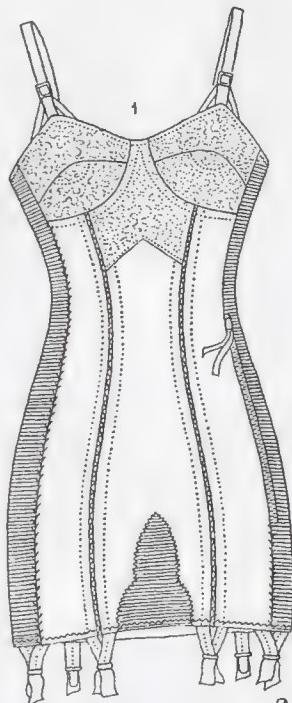
Fashion Choice of the Week

THIS week we have chosen, avidly, one of the biggest bargains we have seen for years. Horrockses very décolleté, slender-fitting cocktail dress made of black and white printed piqué is worn under a straight black cotton-velvet coat lined with the same material as the dress. This two-piece costs 17½ gns. and is stocked by Bourne & Hollingsworth. Apart and together, dress and coat offer you real couturier elegance and make a team that should see you through the greater part of your social engagements

—MARIEL DEANS

Between You and Your New Dress

by Mariel Deans



1. Berlei's completely boneless Controlette, No. 44137, has an "Underlift" top in the embroidered net brassière. Made of elastic satin and elastic net, with a two-way stretch front, it has a long zip and a down-stretch back.

2. A high-waisted girdle (4137) by Au Fait to whittle away your waist-line. Made with a shaped front panel of nylon embroidered with pink and blue flowers, it has side and back panels of Power-Net. Their wired, plunge-line brassière (5173) is also made of embroidered nylon with Power-Net sides and back.

3. Youthlines pretty long line brassière No. 226 is made of panels of all-nylon lace mounted on net. Their belt, No. 1576, has a nylon front panel with ribbon strappings and elastic batiste sides and back.

4. This brassière (No. Y.K.9.C) from the well-known Kestos Yankee range is a nylon nimon model made with rounded seams and a stitched under-cup.

5. This little French-designed nylon and organdie brassière (No. 123) is reinforced with nylon filament. It is a Rosy of Paris model made here under licence by Kayser Bondor.



6. A "Warner Original" strapless corselette (No. 3311), made of American leno and embroidered marquisette with a petal half-cup brassière section and a long zip.

7. No. 2002 Z.R. is a side-fastening corselette from the lovely Ripple Dual-stretch range by J.B. The wide front panel and bust section are in sheer nylon with the side and low-cut back sections of elastic. There is a tonet-to-match Lightning fastener as well as hooks and eyes.

8. Gossard's "Tru Balance 66" whilst retaining the principal of diagonal control has a high waistline which provides a long, sleek midriff. Another new feature is the firm nylon panel which slims the hips. The strapless brassière (3516) is in lightly boned nylon with lace upper cups.

9. These two foundation garments are by English Rose. The brief brassière No. 052 is made in petal weight nylon leno marquisette, the Pantie-girdle (No. 0507) for active sports wear in leno elastic and nylon jacquard and has detachable suspenders and milanese crutch.

10. Silhouette's "Hidden Treasure" strapless corselette (No. 8710) incorporates the new American development in cup design. Built-in shaping, which never changes or washes out, gives shapelier contours without puffs or pads. The corselette is moulded with nylon front panels, satin down-stretch back panel and elasticized net at the sides.

11. Two models by Caprice No. 330 is a brassière in nylon taffeta and nylon lace with elastic net "waist-cincher." It has a front fastener and excellent division. No. 826 is a girdle of finest Swiss elastic net with shaped panels of elastic satin.

Buck master



An original casserole set with walnut stand and two Denby ware casseroles for serving direct from oven to table. The tray-stand has a cork base and small wooden studs to stop the dishes from slipping. The prices are £2 2s. large size and £1 17s. 6d. small size, from Harrods



You can't take your harp to a televue party, but you can fill up and take this leather case, specially made to carry two bottles and four glasses. Selfridges stock it at £8 8s.

Shopping

GIFT ROUND-UP

FOR those who are fortunate enough to have some Christmas present money still in hand, here are some ideas on how best to spend it



A jumper and skirt can very easily be made with this lovely Munrospun tweed and wool, which is all ready matched. The pack also contains buttons, and the whole thing can be obtained for the bargain price of £2 16s., from Marshall & Snelgrove



With their "Eastern" look and gauzy texture, these beautiful Indian scarves, pure silk and hand woven, make the bargain of the week. They are 12s. 6d. each from Robinson & Cleaver, of Regent Street, in a rainbow-like variety of shot colours with gold borders



Dennis Smith

This Swansea bone china vase lamp, with its handpainted card shade, costs seven-and-a-half guineas from Harvey Nichols, who will also inexpensively convert your own pet vase into a lamp with matching shade. These shades, which cost from 52s. 6d., never discolour



Patricia Sothcott
Stand tall and stretch high, as if the sky's the limit. Result, a new outline which will give you satisfaction every time you pass a mirror or shop window

Beauty

FIGURE FINE-DOWN

WITH the fashion pages concentrating on corsets, I have this week been going into the absorbing question of how to achieve and preserve a good figure. Talks with several of the best-known experts on the subject have made me feel like Jack Horner, who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum."

In point of fact, I have pulled out several plums in the way of news, which should be extremely heartening.

The secret of "Streamline," in the opinion of one who has made a lifelong study of the subject, lies not in violent exercise, or in diet alone—although sensible feeding is an important factor—but in control. As we get older we tend to slump and forget to stand "tall." We flop more often than we sit erect, thus the body gets lazy and "settles down."

The result is that without our noticing it, the muscles become flabby, and we find ourselves bemoaning those exasperating "tyres" and bulges that ruin the line of a good frock.

IN order to correct all this, certain things must be remembered day in and day out. Vigorous exercises for ten minutes each morning are of little use if the muscles are allowed to go slack for the rest of the twenty-four hours. To get a streamline effect, control must go on all the time, and this can be gained by means of some simple movements, to be done whenever you think of them.

FIRST. Standing or sitting, lift the chest and draw in the abdomen, making it as flat as possible. At first—especially if you have been used to flopping—this position will be tiring, but as you get more and more used to it, the muscles will gradually become braced and firm, and you will find that it becomes automatic.

SECOND. Stand erect, with your hands on your head, and stretch your spine from the waist upwards, pushing against the hands as though forcing them up to the ceiling. Take your hands away and stay in this position while you look in the mirror, and you will see that you appear half a stone slimmer in the wink of an eye.

ANOTHER of my plums was a visit to a beauty clinic in Wigmore Street, to see some slimming and health-giving treatments which are extremely popular in America and on the Continent. These are done by means of a "Traxator" (an apparatus invented in Denmark) and the "Rouathermic Bath," which originated in France. The bath, which is dry heat electrically operated through infra-red elements, is widely used in Continental spas, and is recommended not only for general slimming, but for rheumatic conditions and in cases of nervous or muscular fatigue. Two outstanding features are that the patient is in a comfortable position, with the head outside the cabinet, and that vapour (aromatic and tonic or ozone) can be sprayed into the cabinet to tone and refresh.

THE principle of the Traxator is the production of a controllable vacuum force, which, through the medium of applicators of varying sizes, acts like a sort of suction on the body, reaching right down to the tissues and achieving an unusually deep massage. The pressure is varied according to the individual and no discomfort is felt. On the contrary, the action is gentle, yet extremely strengthening to the muscles. The clinic is under the direction of Mrs. Ray Cochrane, a qualified physiotherapist, who specializes in these new Continental toning and slimming treatments.

- Jean Cleland

ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman
Miss Ann H. Jones, daughter of Air Marshal Sir Owen and Lady Jones, of Shaw Wood, Hillingdon, Middlesex, is engaged to F/Lt. John G. M. Hart, younger son of the late Mr. W. J. Hart and of Mrs. Hart, of Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh



Fayer
Miss Alice Jean Sully, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sully, of Ottawa, Canada, and Singapore, has announced her engagement to Mr. William Anthony Blatch, youngest surviving son of Sir Bernard and Lady Blatch, of Raglan, Gerrards Cross, Bucks



Lucie
Miss Lindy Renner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Renner, of Wimwood House, Steep Marsh, Petersfield, Hants, is to marry Mr. Anthony G. Pige Lescallas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Pige Lescallas, of Little Canon, Waterbury, Kent



PARKES—PEECH

Capt. Michael Gerald Hamilton Parkes, Coldstream Guards, son of Major and Mrs. T. G. Parkes, of The Mill House, Donyatt, Somerset, and Miss June Jennifer Peech, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Peech, of Park House, Firbeck, near Worksop, married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



KEITH—BUXTON

Mr. Robin Keith, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Keith, of West Barsham Hall, Norfolk, and Miss Deia Buxton, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. G. A. H. Buxton and of Mrs. Ruth Buxton, of Eresby House, Rutland Gate, were married at St. Simon Zelotes, Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



FERRARD—BAKER-CRESSWELL

Capt. Christopher Ferrard, Royal Dragoons, son of Lt.-Col. G. Ferrard, of Oving Manor, near Chichester, and Miss Rosemary Baker-Cresswell, daughter of Capt. A. J. Baker-Cresswell, R.N., and Mrs. Baker-Cresswell, of Newton House, Newton by the Sea, Alnwick, married at Holy Trinity, Embleton, Northumberland



FARQUHAR—BARLAS

Mr. Oswald Cornel Farquhar, son of Canon J. V. C. Farquhar, of Church Stretton, Shropshire, and of the late Mrs. Farquhar, married at St. Thomas's Church, Aboyne, Miss Elizabeth Barlas, daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. R. Barlas, of Craig Castle, Tarland, Scotland



RILEY—PRIOLEAU

The marriage took place recently at St. Mary's Church, Newtownbarry, Co. Wexford, between Major William Riley, of Norfolk, and Miss Patricia Prioleau, daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Prioleau, of Ballinapark, Newtownbarry, Co. Wexford, Eire



LOCKHART-SMITH—GRAHAM

At the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, Lt.-Cdr. Roger Antony Lockhart-Smith, R.N., second son of Mr. Norman Lockhart-Smith, C.M.G., and Mrs. Lockhart-Smith, of Turnstall, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland, was married to Miss Barbara Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Graham, of Bryanston Court, W.I.



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Motoring**Oliver Stewart**

Specifications Need Spice

MANY motoring gourmets would like to know what kind of a stew the motor industry is preparing this year. Some weird ingredients have been going into the pot: turbines, diesels, automatic transmissions, direct injection and novel steering mechanisms. Will any of them be cooked and ready for general consumption by Earls Court time, 1954, or will the same old specifications be trotted out once more? I feel that the increased influence of the purchaser may enhance the value of new design features. Yet the companies themselves are reticent.

Statements in the specialist papers, for instance, caused me to inquire about the report that the Land-Rover was to be offered fitted with a diesel engine. It would seem to be the ideal power unit for this kind of vehicle. Yet the Rover company's engineering department assures me that the diesel-engined Land-Rover is "only a remote possibility." Let us hope that by October the possibility will be less remote. The engine is a List 2-cylinder, 2-stroke.

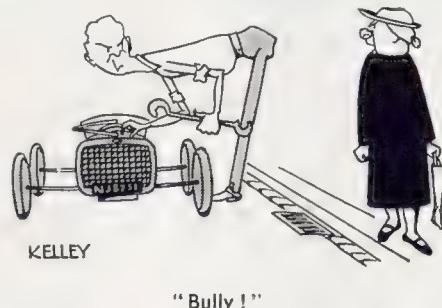
Estates and farms are finding handy vehicles like Land-Rovers and Jeeps increasingly valuable, so that developments deserve watching. A new steering mechanism—patented and developed in this country I am glad to say—has set their manoeuvring potentialities in a new light. It has been subjected to extensive tests on a Jeep and has shown that it can multiply manoeuvrability by four. It is a new kind of four-wheel steering in which the driver still uses only a single hand control but is enabled to steer the rear wheels as well as the front at will.

ITS wheels can be turned in reverse angles or in parallel, so that the car can be driven sideways at any angle up to 45 degrees. Reversing can be done more accurately and the car can work on rougher ground and in smaller compass than one with front wheel steering only. The steering can be locked for giving front only; and the lock can be released without stopping the vehicle. The hand control is simple, the ordinary wheel being mounted on the end of a tiller, so that the whole wheel can be slewed to right or left as well as turned.

Power steering mechanisms which might appear in British cars are mostly American in origin as are the automatic transmission systems. I have never understood how our manufacturers have allowed themselves to be out-distanced by the Americans in automatic transmissions. The Wilson epicyclic gearbox with the Newton centrifugal clutch or with the fluid flywheel are half-way to an automatic transmission. These forms of transmission have been in use in British cars like the Armstrong Siddeley (with centrifugal clutch) and the Daimler (with fluid flywheel) for years. Surely it was not beyond the wit of our designers to make them fully automatic. It has been done for commercial vehicles and—in my view—could have been done for motor cars.

THEN it is hard to explain the lukewarm reception which the Hobbs transmission seems to have received. I have not yet tried this transmission, although I have promised Mr. Hobbs that I will do so. The Hobbs transmission is fully automatic. It has done a great deal of running. My intention is to await the moment when it is standardized in a British car before reporting on it more fully in these columns. But I have already given some idea of its working principles.

Overall design revolutions become less likely as the years pass; but it must be recalled that, at the time of last year's Paris Salon, there were strong rumours about some amazing new vehicle to be shown to an astonished world by Citroën. Nineteen years ago Citroën did just that. They suddenly revealed their front wheel drive saloon, with its independent front suspension, torsion bar springing, engine with detachable cylinder barrels, integral chassis-body construction and other features extremely advanced for the period. Now they are said to be playing about with plastics and with exciting new power unit and suspension ideas. Perhaps Citroën history will repeat itself this year.



KELLEY

"Bully!"



D. R. Stuart
Yeovil XV, 1953. Back row. L. to R., W. Cruse, J. Chudleigh, B. G. Philips, J. Perkins, J. Hedderman, P. Hicks. Middle: P. Chapman, C. J. Willy, R. M. Southcombe, J. Vaux, D. Schwier, P. Spurway, J. A. Dixon. Front: W. B. Robbins (standing), A. M. Williams, C. Blake (captain), F. R. Lindsay (chairman), G. W. Talboys, K. G. Hook, G. C. Collins (referee standing)

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

YEOVIL

THE records reveal that the game of Rugby was first played at Yeovil in 1879. This ancient Somerset town in the centre of the West Country is distinguished by, among other things, its sloping streets, and the undeveloped hill-country is never far distant.

The club first played at West Hendford on the outskirts of the village, as it then was, sharing the ground alternately with the Association Football club. Then for a number of years it was forced to make many moves, being merely tenant of various fields. After World War One, the club was reorganized and for two years played on the aerodrome owned by Westland Aircraft. A further move to the other side of the town, where the club remained undisturbed until 1936, was followed by a short stay at West Hendford. Then the club was without a home until after World War Two.

Then dawned one of the happiest years in the history of Yeovil Rugby when Stanley Johnson, one of the town's leading citizens, generously presented and put in order a site of fifteen acres at Brimsmore, adjoining the road leading to Ilchester, as a permanent home for the cricket, hockey, Rugby and tennis clubs of Yeovil. With further financial help from many other sportsmen the ground was equipped and completed in 1947. Now the club possesses one of the finest enclosures in the West Country, appropriately named Johnson Park after the donor, who has recently provided the club with a new stand.

FIRST club member to receive international honours was Harry Vassall, the old Oxford Blue, who captained Somerset and England in 1881, later to be followed by his brother, H. H. Vassall; in fact, brothers appear to play an important part in Yeovil Rugby as the families of Bradford, Luslina, Southcombe and Watson provided the club with eight captains between the wars.

Other prominent players who have worn the sky blue, chocolate and gold jersey include R. Walters, W. Williams, P. Logan, D. W. J. Bridge and R. C. Hawkes, now with Northampton, who played in the recent trial game at Nottingham. Nearly forty Yeovil men have represented their county in championship matches.

One of the most important activities of the club is the fostering of Rugby in the schools, with representatives on the Committee. This encouragement is clearly reflected in the success of the Colts fifteen, which should provide useful recruits to the senior side in years to follow.

IN writing of club records, the sound and energetic work of officials is too often overlooked, but among those who have rendered long service to Yeovil mention should be made of J. A. Banwell, D. Southcombe, J. R. Lindsay, the present chairman, "Bill" Robbins, J. A. Dixon, A. Flack, the secretary, and K. G. Hook, treasurer.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

A COOP deal of interest has been aroused by the gramophone records of the Negro cabaret singer Eartha Kitt, dubbed in the United States "Earthy Eartha." The first recording I heard made by Miss Kitt was sung in Turkish with sly remarks in basic English discreetly sandwiched in between verses. I do not speak Turkish, nor do I understand it, but I do speak and understand English, and the three remaining sides by this singer I have so far heard are in English.

There is something in the approach Eartha Kitt makes to her songs reminiscent of Sophie Tucker in her prime, but for all the "Red Hot Momma's" brashness she had a heart and was never afraid to let her listeners know about it. She got away with risqué cynical lyrics because of this. While I find Miss Kitt entirely up to the standard of entertainment currently required by American café society, I am sure that if she expects to become internationally popular she will have to infuse real warmth into her work. It is not enough to be coldly streamlined, even in Turkish. (H.M.V. B.10573, B.10584.)

Robert Tredinnick

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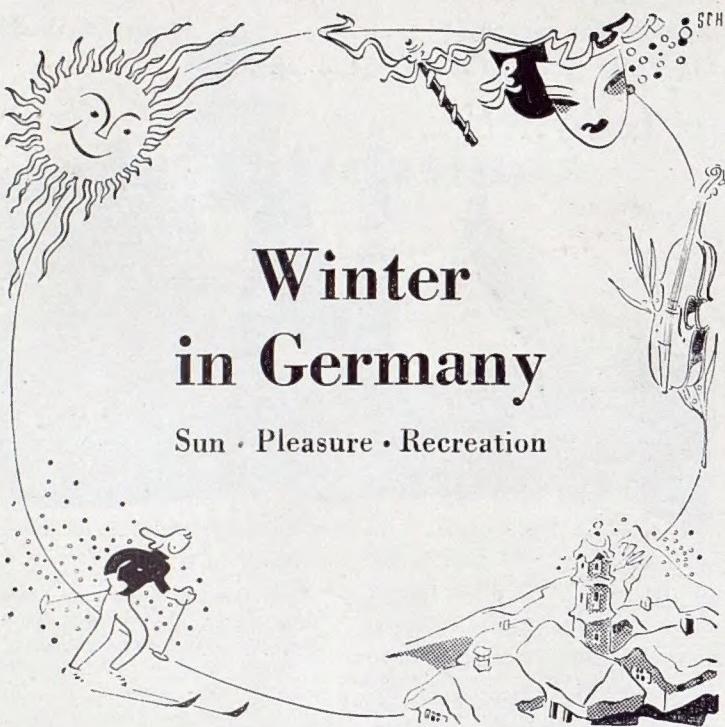
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A passenger on the ski-lift up the Nebelhorn in the Allgäu Alps

The High Peaks Of Germany

THE Germans claim that even below 2,000 ft. they can produce first-rate winter sport conditions from December to March, but those whose doubts are based on the erratic weather over here can assure themselves of up-to-the-moment reports by asking the German Tourist Office in Vigo Street, W.

This establishment is in fact the point from which every wise traveller will make his departure, for Western Germany has decided to concentrate solemnly on her tourist industry and, methodical in all things, she is making a success of it. The Tourist Office has information, advice and brochures on art, travel or food which are as seductive as Lorelei. But paper-planning is only the apéritif—solid work has been undertaken to increase our pleasures. There are, for example, nearly one hundred ski-lifts now available, all of them boons to middle-aged sportsmen which our fathers never knew. The highest and most impressive is on the Nebelhorn in the Allgäu Alps, which rises to a height of 6,560 ft. Oberstdorf, in this district, is the connoisseur's paradise, for here jumps of up to 460 ft. have been made, thanks to the forethought of the local experts.

FOR the less ambitious life can be equally entrancing. The once humble toboggan, safest of snow transports, is coming into its own. Already at 170 resorts there are special tracks reserved for the speedy, and of all winter sports it is probably the most cheerful introduction to more skilled delights. It leads, of course, directly to the bobsleigh, the fastest unmotored vehicle in the world. Hitherto Switzerland has had a monopoly of this form of exhilaration, but today there are excellent tracks at Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps and at Hahnenklee-Bockswiese in the Harz Mountains.

WHATEVER department of sport you choose there will be instructors to advise you in the rudiments and, for the masters, competitions which increase in prestige with each season. And the hospitality ranges from the modest inns of the Black Forest to the palaces overlooking the Olympic stadium at Garmisch, awaiting your personal choice.



A group of skiers discuss the day's programme on the Zugspitze in Bavaria

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